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THE WEDDING

... OF ...

BROTHER JONATHAN

"Jonathan, as courteous as game,
Brings her jug home—the lady willing."

PRICE, 15 CENTS.

THE WEDDING

....OF....

BROTHER JONATHAN

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THE WEDDING

OF

BROTHER JONATHAN.

While walking one day
  Brother Jonathan caught
The glance candid, gay,
  Of a flower, and thought
That a shuddering seized him,
  Strangely felt at the sight,
Then with fanciful whim
  Saw an angel of light.

Charmed beyond measure
  By the flow'r's yearning gaze,
He culled the bright treasure—
  Trembling, his mind in a maze,—
Pinned it, rejoicing,
  To his coat lapel wide,
This hope softly voicing—
  "Be ever my bride!"

Her warm beauty of face,
  Her clear, golden smile,
Made his heart strike a pace—
  Why? He knew not the while.

"To be thus disturbed
  By a glance from a flow'r—
'Tis almost absurd!
  Yet, my soul feels its pow'r.

"What! Will thy passion unbounded
  Not comprehend
That this flower impounded
  Is thy thought's secret end?"

Sharp ears, sharper eyes, and keen nose
  Has Jonathan, and trousers striped with red;
A figure lank within his clothes,
  A bell plug on his head;
The long tails of his sky-blue coat
  Plead for his trousers short,
And each huge boot could serve as boat:
  To his coat clings his thought.

Zim! Zim! Bang! Boom! Here's a map,
Corrected up to date!
He dons his spurs and clap-a-trap
Speeds off at gallop great.
His first day's spurt at Cuba ends,
He stops there but a while;
On leaving o'er his face extends
A swift, covetous smile.

He next goes to Sonora's mines—
This good man with desire,
Who ne'er to empty dreams inclines,—
These mines his soul inspire.

But from their ores he hastes away,
Borne like a bird on wings,
And in Colombia will not stay—
He hates mosquito stings.

He seeks La Plata—here's a prize!
One that shall make amends.
Soon o'er her pampas broad he flies,
And slacking speed, descends.

A river here is to be crossed,
His wings are tired and sore;
Undaunted, on the water tossed,
His boots soon float him o'er.

But heaven! What a narrow shave--
He almost capsized there.
Ha! But his flower was there to save . . . .
His talisman so rare!

Into Brazil with rousing hymn
Wends he his conquering way.
Rewarding joy it is to him
'Mong happy beings to stray.

Noting, travels o'er the land,
Inquisitive to know,
Until, alas! Misfortune's hand
Deals him a sorry blow.

Seated, late, one sunny morn,
Upon a fallen tree,
He lost the gay smile he had worn
As he viewed a distant lea.

There glist'ning lines of crosses white
Marked rows of serried graves;
While slowly creeping into sight,
Below, some object waves.

It moves, it creeps along the road,
And up the hill's incline
Come horses drawing each a load—
A long distressing line!

Nearer the procession draws—
"Great God! What have we here?
A mile of hearses! What the cause?
A corpse in ev'ry bier!"

"Ho! Friend!" He to a driver cries,
"Why so much dead at once?"
The other with a sneer replies—
"The dread vomito—dunce!"

Jonathan heard not the last—
He had already fled.
Across the plain was stretching fast
To a forest dense ahead;
Which he entered in great trepidation,
And saw his thought-flower droop;
Then his hat took an upward gyration
And hung on a branch—like a hoop.

.....

Lost two days amid vastness!
Two days wand'ring in vain,
In despair, through the gloom of the fastness,
On the third he howled might and main.

And echo took up the cry,
Tossed it hither and thither,
Around and about, low and high,
And carried it, God only knows, whither.

The beasts of the wood pricked their ears,
Dilated their nostrils and stared,
But failed to conquer their fears
When these howls with their own they compared.

Then a fox said, he'd go and see.
Stealthily picking his way
He came to a hat in a tree
With which the wind was at play.

That was Jonathan's hat.
Where was its loud-howling owner?
Playing possum, doubtless, and that,
His chance of success to make stronger.

All this was strange! Its meaning what?
The fox creeps forth from cover.
Soon round the tree, in rows, asquat,
Are cronies from all over.

They watch the hat tilt, spin, and rise,
Wondering, wondering ever.
A congress wrapped in blank surprise—
Ha! Jonathan is clever.

The motley audience hears a voice
Whose tones sound gently, far away,
Persuasive, and its language choice;
The cronies feel inclined to stay—
Not dreaming that a lucky gust
Has made the vantage of the moment,
As chance winds have, and often must,
In policies prove factors potent.

"My friends," went on the distant voice,
"With industry increasing.
The human races should rejoice
That need is never ceasing

"A country cannot well exist
Solely on its own productions:
Good policy is to persist
Trading with other nations
The surplus of the shop, the field;
And, as interest may order,
Make, or not make, imports yield
A revenue at the border.

"Thus, gentlemen, to summarize,
From a treaty equitable, strong,
But mutual welfare can arise.
This axiom is as broad as long.

"Ponder on my words, my friends,
Abundance you can have, and free.
And reciprocity extends
A like advantage, too, to me."

A howl went up on ev'ry side—
Pandemonium in a wood,—
The meanest beasts the loudest cried,
Upright, stiffly, the bell-plug stood.
Then as the trees began to quake—
Ere echo seized the tumult loud—
The hat and branch were seen to make
Obeisance three times to the crowd.
Three days bent the branch remained;
That bowing had its fibres strained.

When each had scattered to his lair,
The flower on his coat revived
And Jonathan forswore despair.
A new departure he devised,
Came forth from his close hiding place,
His hat took from the branch and—whack!
Drove it on his head; then set his face
To turn upon the wood his back.

One, two, three, forward and outward!
One, two, three,—he goes not slow.
Out of the wood he journeys southward—
To the town of Bilbaho.

"Ha! Ha! Arrived; but so has night!
What matter, if, only, one can feast?
'Tis all great mortals' vexing plight
To kindred functions hold with beast."

At inhospitable doors he raps—
At one, at two, at more than ten,—
But all in vain his coaxing taps:
None open—he must perish then!

Down at a spring an ancient dame
Her water jug is filling.
Jonathan, as courteous as game,
Brings her jug home—the lady willing.

In her kitchen he displays his art—
While crushing down his hunger,—
As expert cook plays well his part—
For Jonathan's no bungler.

His hostess lays the tablecloth,
Brings forth plates, knives and platter.
While Jonathan stirs up the broth
And ready makes the batter.

She sets the table but for two—
That's just as he would have it.
He does not make it wait—for to
Hunger he joins habit.

In front of him his hostess sits,
Growing each moment younger,
But Jonathan has bent his wits
To satisfying hunger.

At length she ventures a remark:
"How golden, rich, that fowl's color."
"Indeed," quoth he, "like David's Ark.
"And the coffee what delicious odor.

"Ah! If such coffee I had daily
How my fortunes it would cheer!"
The lady smiles and answers gaily
"'Tis the choicest Rio, dear.

"Rio that restores one's youth!
Our hope, and my dear country's star.
To vivify the world, in truth,
Our Rio travels far."

Jonathan more Rio quaffs
And is filled with passion divine,
Observing, the good hostess laughs—
The coffee was acting like wine.

Suddenly, Jonathan notes
The change in his kind entertainer.
"Glorious," he mentally votes,
"For my own I'd like to obtain her."

"Tell me," he asks, "Are you the dame
Whose jug I carried from the spring?"
"Yes, dear, I had on when you came
An antique cap—I changed the thing."

"By Jove, you are truly enchanting!"
—"Your air, sir, is so grand."
—"Your flexible voice is entrancing!"
—"Your gallantry, sir, none can withstand."

—"A marriage then is possible?"
—"It is indeed, since I consent."
—"And you will sign, fair sensible?"
—"Aye, sir, and prove my heart's content."

"Great Countess, now your peerless Rio
Makes hope and faith in me revive!
And lifts your glory from embryo.
This union must time's test survive.

"This proud day I will solemnize,
And the whole world then will see
The greatness that in mortals lies
When they cordially agree.

"Without distinction, to all on earth
Shall be proclaimed this dear alliance;
We shall grow great, as from new birth,
And in our virtues place reliance,

"Too, shall be held a grand reception,
With palaces to hold the folk,
And regal all—without exception;
There your presence I invoke.

"You will behold the winter's blast
Routed by the furnace-heat;
The iron etching gardens vast;
Ranches that sound with 'low and bleat.

"Candles purloined from the sky;
Rich works of art in heaps amassed;
Speech-carrying threads; strange ships that fly;
And marvels countless, unsurpassed.

"Huge granaries that overflow
With cultivation's fecund yield;
And on the horizon foreglow
New promises in splendor's field.

"Science will receive a new incentive,
And readjust her lines of thought;
Art will become still more inventive,
And be with greater values fraught.

"This setting of illustrious glow
In Columbus' immortal crown,
To coming ages shall Chicago
Refulgent float with his renown.

"And Jonathan will give award
To all that's meritorious.
Himself content, for his reward,
To continue loved and glorious."

END.

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